THE FOURTH HYMN TO THE MONTH OF MAY

Each day of thine, sweet month of May,
Love makes a solemn holy-day
I will perform like duty,
Sith thou resemblest every way
Astrsea Queen of beauty*

Both you fresh beauties do partake,
Either's aspect doth Summer make,
Thoughts of young Love awaking,
Hearts you both do cause to ache,
And yet be pleased with aching

Right dear art thou, and so is she,
Even like attractive sympathy,
Gams unto both like dearness ,
I ween this made Antiquity
Name thee, sweet May of Majesty,
As being both like in clearness

* A WARNING FOR FAIR WOMEN *

There is printing that play of my Lord Chamberlain's men entitled *A warning for fair women*, y containing a most tragical and lamentable murder of Master George Sanders, consented unto by his own wife, together with the induction where History and Comedy would hinder Tragedy, and Comedy declareth that 'tis the office of Tragedy to tell

How some damn'd tyrant, to obtain a crown,
Straps, hangs, imprisons, smothers, cutteth throats,
And then a Chorus too comes howling in,
And tells us of the worrying of a cat,
Then of a filthy whining ghost,
Lapt in some foul sheet or a leather pitch,
Comes screaming like a pig half sticked,
And cries [f] *Fmdicta,* revenge, revenge ' ,
With that a little rosin flasheth forth,
Like smoke out of a tobacco pipe, or a boy's squib
Then comes in two or three like to drovers,
With tailors' bodkins, stabbing one another